ENGLAND'S OFFICIAL POET. ALFRED AUSTIN. WHO SAYS SUCH

THINGS AND DOES SUCH THINGS. William Archer Goaded by the Laureate's Mafeking Exploit Into a Consideration of His Case-The British Nation Discomfited by a Cynical Prime Minister's Joke. LONDON. June 2.-After the relief of Mafe-

king. Englishmen. particularly Londoners. were apparently mad for about two and a half days. A new word was added to the language maffick." Moreover. Mr. Alfred Austin wrote "Mafeking." Now as soon as its short outburst was over, the British public returned to its normal sobriety, but there are fears that Mr. Austin may break out again when Pretoria is entered. One is reminded of the story of a well-known member of the House of Commons who, coming across Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett in the lobby, informed him that he was a damned fool. Sir Edward retorted by accusing, and with perfect truth, the honorable Member of being drunk. 'Yes, I know I'm drunk. was the answer. "but to-morrow morning shall be sober, and you'll still be a damned fool. Mr. William Archer seems to have similar fears about the Laureate's morrow, and addresses to him a firm but gentle remonstrance in the columns of the Morning Leader. Mr. Archer is very serious, and the mere fact of any one, let alone one of the best known of English critics, taking the Laureate seriously,

makes the circumstances worth noticing. Is it not time," asks Mr. Archer, "that some one should gently but firmly remonstrate with Mr. Alfred Austin, author of 'Mafeking' and other verses, whose indiscreet utterances in the newspapers are becoming a national scan dai? I have an uneasy sense of cowardice in adverting to this matter. It is poor sport. certainly, to attack a friendless and defence less man, who is only too assiduously doing his best in that station of life to which malicious fate and a cynical Prime Minister have called him. But it is in no sportive humor that I approach the subject. If ridicule and parody, if jibes and jeers, could bring home to Mr. Austin the pathetic absurdity of his position, he would long ago have learned to mimimize it by a resolute silence. Fortunately for himself, unfortunately for his country, a sense of humor has been denied him. Praised by none, derided by all, he pipes on imperturbable. It is this very doggedness, in itself sublime, which makes the nation ridiculous. Wherefore I ask: How long are we fated to grin and

"The Laureateship, it may be said, is not a national institution, and the nation need not hold itself iresponsible for the vagaries of a court rhymester. This argument may have consoled the lovers of English song in the days of Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye, when the office had lapsed into absolute insignificance. Perhaps it might have been wiser to leave It in that condition, if not to abolish it altogether. But this is a barren 'might have been.' The appointment of Southey, a man of real mark, if not a great singer, restored the office to credit. When Southey died it was conferred William Wordsworth, not (say) on Robert Montgomery; and from Wordsworth it passed not to Tupper, but to Tennyson. The unique combination in Tennyson of merit with popularity made the Laureateship a national institution. We came to regard it as fitting that a race which had given birth to so many great poets should crown a master poet, and should claim as in some sort a national utterance his singing of national joys and sorrows. knew, of course, that we could not expect an unbroken succession of Tennysons; but if at any time it happened that there was no poet on whom the laurel could be conferred by acclamation, it was always possible to leave it for a season unassigned.

"This was the course which Mr. Gladstone wisely chose. The one poet on whom, in respec of his preeminent genius, the wreath ought manifestly to have devolved, could scarcely have accepted it at Mr. Gladstone's hands so Mr. Gladstone, and after him Lord Rosebery. preferred an interregnum to a makeshift appointment. One would have imagined that their very abstinence from making a merely political selection would have imposed a point of honor upon Lord Salisbury. Not so. He flouted the glorious tradition of half a century. and, in the lifetime of Algernon Charles Swit burne, conferred the laurel of Wordsworth and Tennyson on Mr. Alfred Austin. Lord Rosebery, it is true, had knighted the Bard of Penbryn: but that was a pardonable stroke of humor. Lord Salisbury's contemptuous cynicism paltered with a sacred trust.

'A cry of consternation went up from all who knew the meaning of the word poetry. But we did not realize at first the full extent of the disaster. We knew Mr. Austin as the author of some laboriously commonplace philosophical verse-books, and of a number of fluently undistinguished lyrics, in some measure redeemed by the genuine love of nature, of English gardens and hedgerows and lanes and songful copses, which spoke in them. We knew that he was hopelessly deficient in that fundamental gift of the poet -style. We did not know and could not guess, that he would prove to be still more deficient in that essential quality of the Laurente -tact. His want of style humiliates us in our own eyes; his want of tact degrades us in the eyes of the world.

'First, as to style. Let us examine-not 'Mafeking,' the solecisms of which, such as the rhyming of 'Cecil' with 'wrestle,' Mr. Austin might (unfairly) justify as imitations of the racy ruggedness of Drayton's 'Agincourt; not 'Jameson's Ride,' whereof he may (fairly enough) allege that in treating such a subject he could have chosen no fitter model than the patriotic lyrics of Mr. Clement Scott -but the set of couplets which appeared in the Times of Nov. 2, 1899, under the title of of 'Inflexible as Fate.' Here was a poem which clearly aimed at classic dignity and polish o style. Let us see if it hit the mark:

When for a passing hour Rome's manly sway Felt the sharp shock of Cannæ's adverse day. Forum and field and Senate-House were rent Only of men contending then who should Legion on legion sprang up from the ground. leamed through the land, then over ocean wound Till Sciplo's eagles swarmed on Afric's shore, And Carthage perished, to insult no more. "It would be hard to compress into ten lir

more faults of style than are here assembled First, we have the feeble padding of 'manly sway: the monotonous effect of two lines ending with an identical cadence, 'manly swayadverse day,' and the Gilbertian alliteration of sharp shock.' Then in the next four lines we find that unfailing symptom of weakness, a patently inaccurate statement, in which the writer says, not what he means, but what his he spot on which Hannibal was encamped happened to be bought' in Rome while yet he held it. Livy does not relate, nor does Mr that people ran about 'Forum and field and Senate House' clamorously 'contending' who should purchase it. Yet if language has any secause he is the servant, not the master, of his rhymes. Mark, again, the slipshod misap-plication of a stereotyped image in the third line. (ries, we all know, 'rend the air,' but low can they be said to rend Forum and field and Senate House? The seventh line halts in metre and the eighth in idea. What writer who gives a second thought to the meaning of his words could say of the Roman legions passing into Africa that they 'over ocean wound? An army may 'wind' along on land; at sea it

The main feature of the second and last stanza is the abuse of alliteration, reminding one of a Morning Advertiser contents bill:

Not less resolved than Rome, now England stands, acing foul fortune with unfaltering hands. brough her vast Realms is neither fear nor feud. But, calm in strength, and steeled in fortitude. She fills the gaps of death with eager life. that will not tag nor haggle in the strife, Till, having backward rolled the lawless tide Of trusted treason, tyranny, and pride,

Her Flag hath brought, infegible as Fate.

"It is Ireland rather than England that one would expect to face fortune with her hands, There is a touch of originality in the expression 'haggle in the strife,' but it is scarcely of a desirable order. Finally, no writer with any sense of congruity would apply to a flag the epithet 'inflexible.' 'Flag.' no doubt is used symbolically; but who can so entirely divest the word of its literal meaning as not to be

jarred by the mixed metaphor? 'Howlers' are not always so incessant in Mr. Austin's work, but they are never absent for many consecutive stanzas. Correctness however, is not the supreme virtue of poetry If Mr. Austin ever attained true distinction or sublimity, we could easily forgive an occasional lapse into bathos. But never, never in these laureate lyrics, does he even blunder upon distinction. When he sets forth to hymn the Queen, on her Diamond Jubilee, this is how he babbles along:

The lark went up, the mower whet his seythe. On golden meads kine ruminating lay. And all the world felt young again and blithe. Just as to-day.

In the green wheat the poppy burst aflame. Wild rose and woodbine garlanded the glade. A summer mald.

They placed a Crown upon her fair young brow. They put a Sceptre in her girlish hand. Saying, "Behold! you are Sovereign Lady now Of this great Land!"

Silent She gazed, as one who doth not know The meaning of a message. When She broke Her soul that spoke (!)

"I cannot don the breastplate and the neim. To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird. Not in the discords that distract a realm

"How melancholy that the Queen of England -a Queen who has given her name to an era almost as rich in poetry as that of Elizabeth herself—should find in her illustrious age no Laureate worthier of his theme! But it cannot be denied that when Mr. Austin gives his mind to it he can soar to heights of ecstatic loyalty such as even the panegyrists of Gloriana scarcely attained. In his last birthday ode 'An Indian Summer,' 1899 he writes.

O what a harvest, Lady, now is yours, Empire, and fame, and glory, and above Glory and fame, a Universe's love.

"Here is sublimity with a vengeance! Strange things have been said and done in the name of imperialism; but it has been reserved for Mr. Austin to hear the stars in their courses singing 'God Save the Queen.' Can nothing be done to save her (as Mr. Austin would say) from the belittlement of such insensate adula-

"After this, it is scarcely necessary to cite instances of Mr. Austin's lack of tact. As that deficiency, however, is especially glaring in his deliverances on foreign affairs, it calls for a little further consideration. This is not a question of political bias, of imperialism or little-Englandism. One may be as ardent an Imperialist as Mr. Austin without admitting that the pulses of the Empire must necessarily beat to the rhythms of Leicester square. 'Ruis Britannia' is a very good song in its way, and where two or three Britons are gathered together in festive mood there is no harm in their assuring each other that they never, never shall be slaves; but it does not follow that we want our Laureate to be perpetually executing blaring variations upon 'Rule Britannia' in the columns of the Times. Foreigners cannot judge of the repute in which the performer is really held. They only know that he has succeeded to the laurel of Tennyson, and when they find him blustering in the centre of our ournalistic stage, so to speak, they may well, ask what has become of the traditional dignity of the English nation. Mr. Austin is the-well the hysterical Helot of Imperialism. He began his laureate career going a-mafficking in music hall numbers over the exploit which first brought Mafeking within the ken of world history: but the incredible indiscretion of 'Jameson's Ride' is too notorious to call for more than a passing mention.

"When English sentiment took the American side in the Cuban quarrel, Mr. Austin must eeds come forth with a lyric, not giving wellconsidered expression to that sentiment on our the opinion that 'We severed have been too long,' and the desire to let 'Our friendship last long as Love doth last, and be stronger than Death is strong.' No one who has the slightest acquaintance with American sentiment can doubt that this was precisely the wrong thing for an English official poet to do. When the American people yearn for our friendship, they may be trusted to express that emotion for themselves and in the meantime it only embarrasses those Americans who are really well disposed toward England to have it clumsily taken for granted that their individual feeling is shared by the nation at large. Recent events have provided a bitter commentary on Mr. Austin's 'Voice from the West.' yet even so lately as February last he must still take upon him to speak for America in these terms

Hark hark to the greeting of free-born men from the Land of the Setting Sun; "God prosper you, dear old England! It is rightly and nobly done."

"America, fortunately, is better able than the rest of the world to take Mr. Austin at a due discount: but what must Europe think of this sort of thing, inspired, or let us rather say suggested, by the Fashoda incident?

Then seeing Her within her waves so blest, The jealous nations, panopiled alike,

What if we strike ?" Slowly as stirs a lion from his bed, Lengthens his limbs, and crisps his mane, She rose Then shook out all her strength, and flashing, said,

Where are my foes?"

Dazed and dismayed, they velled their futile vow; Some fain would be her friend, and some would

Their hate till they could curb the might that now

They could but curse. "Is it to be endured that the brain and hear of England should be officially represented in the eyes of the world by such bounding braggadocio? In a private rhymester it would be paltry enough; in a court poet it is intolerable. Its manner humiliates us, its matter can only irritate our neighbors. Is it not time that Lord Salisbury (or 'gallant old Cestle, as the bard of 'Mafeking' would call him) should take steps to check the consequences of a joke which has turned out such a very bad one? Mr. Austin's well-meant industry (for there is no doubt as to the excellence of his intentions) has fairly earned him a knighthood. Why not let him have it as soon as convenient, with a hint that he should in the future confine his poetic attentions to such domestic events as royal christenings, and, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, should forthwith join the Choir

Underground Passages on College Grounds.

From the Richmond Times.

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WILLIAMSBURG, Va., June s.—There was found by accident a few nights ago a large subterranean passage starting under the old college of William and Mary, with two separate divisions, one running east toward Lord Dunsmore's ice house, and the other due west toward a little piece of woods about three hundred yards from the college.

Exploring parties have been plentiful and have gone about one hundred and forty yards in the one going west, but are impeded by heaps of brick and dirt put there purposely, as it seems, to stop the way. The passage is about four feet high and three feet broad, now and then widening into an open room, eight by eight.

It is well built and its arch is a beautiful piece of architecture. It is lined with brick from beginning to end, which now shows signs of age, though they are perfectly intact yet. A cool breeze comes through from both sides.

The President has ordered the hole to be closed, and will guard the entrance until the close of the session, when he will notify the State authorities and make a formal investigation of it. There are many conjectures as to what may have been the purport of this passage, some saying it is an old sewer, while others affirm it is an ancient passageway for escape from college to Dunsniore's icehouse and to the woods.

and absolutely void of grandeur or of glamor; it has a work-a-day aspect, the modern battle, and yet it produces a strange sensation of unreal tv. So let us take an all-day fight, which may be one of any of the seven or eight that I have seen while with the western column.

The evening before rumors are rife. The General's light burns late. It is whispered about that fighting will begin at daybreak. but exactly where is uncertain. The Boers are the ones who have won the toss, they are so mobile and can change front so quickly, their positions are so well hidden; and, alas, the scouting of the English is usually so miserable that the only fact known is that the enemy are in front

The camp stirs at early dawn; it is afoot quicker than usual, perhaps: there is no bugle call, the men awake in their blankets, shake themselves, and move about: there is a rattle of accourrements; little fires are lit and the early coffee is brewed. It and tea are Tommy's fighting draughts. There is no sign of hushed expectancy or nervousness; the privates joke and talk and laugh; they squat about the little fires, feeding them with bits of bush and brushwood It seems like any other day save for the galloping orderlies from headquarters, who, clattering here and there, change from one regiment to another. Lumbering batteries of artillery move out through the camp lines. Roll call follows as the companies are formed, and as the sun rises the shrouded masses dissolve themselves into lines of dusty yellow.

Without martial music or pomp or ceremony the army moves, and the non-combatant falls in somewhere or anywhere and moves forward, too. A privileged person, he may go where he likes. He is subject to no orders. His danger zone is bounded by his curiosity and his scent for news.

There is a line of kopies rolling in succession down to the bush-dotted banks of a river. The Boers are there. But in the spreading morning light these kopjes look as innocent as any of the hundreds of other mighty hummocks that have been passed in safety. There is no fluttering flag to mark the enemy's position, there are no bristling guns, no line of earthworks, nothing but the bare, rocky hills rising out of the gray green plain. Off to the left and right stretch the lines of men in khaki. They do not look like the spruce soldiers one sees at Aldershot or swaggering down Piccadilly. Their uniforms are weather stained, the heavy helmets are dented and battered, their trousers are in rents, their boots in some cases are held together with strips of cloth or leather, their faces are bearded and burnt red bronze with the sun. But on they go from left to right and forward always, heads up and shoulders back, with their heavy harness weighting them down and their pouches filled with gleaming brass cartridges. The rifles form a threatening fringe

The Highland Brigade, with kilts showing black line, is in the van. Their khaki aprons make the Highlanders look from the front like medieval blacksmiths, but they have the old Highland swing, and along with the fighting front with each company marches the piper, carrying his pipes, and armed with nothing but a long Scottish knife.

You turn and look back, behind the last tramping line Here come the ambulances, making the only bit of color in the whole picture with their great fluttering Red Cross flags. They draw up in a little hollow in the rear, where they wait for the loads that will soon be

where they wait for the loads that will soon be theirs. You can see the doctors and their assistants stretching an awning so they can do their work in the shade.

There is a halt, and the dun-colored ranks sink down in the grass. The men light their pipes, two or three take out scraps of newspapers and begin to read. They are already at work on the water bottles, although they cannot yet be thirsty.

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An officer standing with a group of others passes a silver eighrette case. They laugh and talk. It might be a field day. You begin to think that perhaps, after all, the kopjes that are lined up shead are empty. Perhaps they know it.

But suddenly little dots appear down on the plain. I always look at those dots with wonder and admiration. They may be lancers, they may be hussars or mounted infantry. If they are Colonials, perhaps, so much the better. But, whoever they are, they are the feelers of the fighting force, the advance pilots as it were who tell of danger ahead and shoals to be avoided.

They move to right and left; surely the kopjes.

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must be enjoy, for the dost are aimost in the dark blue shadows at the foot. Suddenly they halt, they scamper to and from and halt again. A tiny speek comes charging out from among them toward the waiting lines. You find it with your field glasses. It is a ridecless horse. Farther down toward the river there is another—perhaps there are several, and now the dots like men are all coming back. Some are on foot; some are leading their steeds by the bridle. The talking along the hillside is stopped. Every one is looking at the kopies now. Listen your closest and you will hear weak little counthing reports, spasmodic barks, those are the Mausers. The Boers are there.

A few sharp orders and the men lurch out of the grass; the lines are formed. It is yet two miles or more to the dark blue shadows, but the air is so clear that they seem scarcely a thousandy ards away.

Down upon the plain gallops a battery of artillery, the men lashing and the horses stretching out. They seem regardless of any heaps and furrows, they charge through a gap in the wire fencing and swerver round with afourish a quarter of a mile or so further on. The men important the sump from their limbers, it seems hardly an instant, and there comes a sharp clanging report, and then a sizzling, hissing roar in a defined diminuendo.

A little ball of smoke suddenly jumps out of the sky over the black kopie. "What hol she bumps!" cried a Tommy. Too short: says some one, and now there comes another report, andanother. You soon get used to them. But on the left and centre the khaki men are moving, the skirmishers are out ahead, tramping steadily on at equal distances, and behind them follow the grayish yellow lines waving and undulating. They seem to blend into the color of the ground and it is hard to follow them on the hopies of the plain not before observed. A little knot of men press forward by themser over a rise in the plain not before observed. A little knot of men press forward by themser over a rise in the plain of the plain of the plain of the pl

A SOUTH AFRICAN BATTLE.

NOT A SPECTACULAR AFFAIR; YET IMPRESSIVE IN ITS WAY.

The Enemy Unseen and the Fighting Without Pomp or Ceremony of War-Sounds Aloge to Announce the Death-Dealing Missiles—Sights When the Beer Position is Wood, Copyright, 1900, by James Barnes.

Cape Tows. May 12—As there is a curious sameness in the character of the South African veldt, so there is a certain likeness in all the fights that the English army has had in the present war. And as one looks back there is a composite recollection which, perhaps, is an impression of them all. And what is it like? How does it impress one whose business is not fighting, but merely that of recording what he sees or hears?

In the first place, a battle is wholly different from anything one has magined or gathered from pictures or reading. It is utterly and absolutely void of grandeur or of glamor; and grandeur or of gl all very businesslike; there is no tossing about, no grouning, no praying, although nearby he several still figures covered up in brown blankets with their hob-nailed boots protruding or perhaps only with a handkerchief or a helmet covering their faces. Names and numbers will be posted in the War Office to-morrow, and people will come and look at them and go away.

The bearers with the Red Cross bandages on the bearers with the Red Cross bandages on the The bearers with the Red Cross bandages on their arms bring in more burdens. One of the burdens is an officer. He is badly hurt. The men grouped about whispering. The surgeon greets him by name. The man on the stretcher smiles at him faintly.

"Going to send me down the line, old chap?" he asks. The doctor makes no reply. He's

"Going to send me down the line, old chap?" he asks. The doctor makes no reply. He's busy bending over him. The officer is going a longer journey than "down the line," you can see that at a glance. The doctor whispers to him. He nods his head.

You may feel as if you were intruding; a desire comes to you to see what all the row is about over the crest of the hill. And it is strange how quickly you get into it. It increases in clearness with every step you take, now it is like the iolting of a wagon, and now like the sound of a boy running down the side of a stretch of palings with a stick. You can see the fighting men. Some are quite close to you, others on so far ahead that you wonder how they got there, and they are still moving forward. On, on, on, they go!

They are on the foot of the kopie. Away off from the left a little band has almost gained the crest—the row is awful there—but there is no snoke, no enemy, nothing but death-dealing sounds.

The men laugh and talk; sometimes they grunt, fall down, and he himp huddles in the grass.

Suddenly an officer comes galloping back. He is the first mounted man you have seen for a time.

He is the first mounted man you have seen for a time.

"The so-and-so's have turned the flank." he shouts. "The cavairy are working up from behind. We've got them on the run!" Then off he goes to look for a General where the red flas waves on the hill.

A full follows, preceded by a few dropping obstinate sounding shots. Every one moves forward. Looking back you can see the water carts with their tugging mules, and far beyond the dark line of the transport. So you climb the hill with the rest, and many limp flaures are there.

figures are there. A few unkempt, bearded farmers, some army, some hardly more than boys, lie here along the crest. If they are alive, they glare at you at first. The soldiers stand about and look at them with curiosity, while others kneel beside them and offer water bottles. Behind the rocks in the well-concealed trenches are shining piles of ammunition. Pencil-like Mausers, clumsy Martinis and, alas, deadly explosive missiles that the Tommies pick up and curse. It is over—all but the recovering, for shouting there is none.

curse. It is over—all but the recovering, for shouting there is none.

Where has the day gone? Where are the guns, and where are the rest of the unkempt, bearded ones? Cleared, vanished, made off with the guns that they had laboriously drawn up to the top of the kopje.

They are back there some seven or eight miles in another line. Some may be watching now from the river bank. As a Tommy facetiously remarked: "They are not dead, but gone before."

And this is what a battle is like, and not one battle, but many in South Africa. There is a meaning there; there are things that have caused one much wonder and all these I leave out of the telling.

STRANGE DEEP-SEA ANIMALS.

Some of Them Luminous and All of Them Adapted to Remarkable Conditions

There is a well-defined belief among naturalists who have paid especial attention to deep-sea researches that the greater depths of the ocean conceal certain animals of the largest size which so far have evaded capture. In the introduction to a report Prof. G. Brown Goode says: "It seems probable that there are many inhabitants of the deep which are too swift, too wary, too cunning or too large thus to be taken. It cannot be doubted, for example, great size, which come occasionally to the surface and give a foundation to such stories as

those of the sea serpent." Since deep-sea dredging began more than six hundred species of deep-sea fishes have been discovered, all of a more or less wonderful nature: but it is very rarely that large fishes are taken. The net on the bottom, dragged along by a wire three or four miles long, catches only the very sluggish forms; the large and active animals dart away and escape as the strange object comes bumping along over the bottom or ploughing through the ooze.

In 1880 some fishermen hooked up a strange fish off Pemaquid. It was twenty-four feet in length, had a prominent forehead, a mouth like that of a shark and an eel-like body. The men not knowing its value threw it overboard, bringing in their story about the queer fish. which soon reached the ears of naturalists, who made every attempt to rescue it. Boats went out provided with dredges and hooks, but the animal had been devoured or carried off. The fisherman were able to give rough sketches of the mysterious fish, and it was evident that it was a large specimen of what is now known as

the eel shark, one having been found in the waters of Japan in 1886.

Numerous strange animals have been observed from time to time which may have been this long sel-like sbark, or some similar animal that had found its way to the surface. An interesting and authentic instance is that recorded by Nathan D. Chase of Lypn, Mass. Mr. Chase was on Lynn Beach when the animal appeared, and he saw it from a distance of not more than one hundred feet. He saw a body about fifty feet in length, with undulations, or bumps: its head was carried about two feet out of water, and its speed was about equal to that of a steamboat. This animal was seen by hundreds of persons and by such well-known men as Amos Lawrence. Samuel Cabot and James Prince of Boston, who made the trip to the beach purposely to observe the strange fish. That this serpentine creature was some wanderer from the greater depths of the ocean there can be little doubt.

Another fish, well known but rare, is the ribbon fish. Off the coast of Scotland it has been taken with a length of more than forty feet, a beautiful creature of satin texture with rich scarlet fins resembling pompons upon its head. That this fish comes from the deep sea is almost positive, as not one hundred specimens have been seen, and all of those were injured or accidentally washed ashore. In the great depths live the giant squids, specimens of which have been found which were seventy feet in length. It is rarely that they are seen except when sporm whales are caught, which invariably contain pieces of them.

While the larger animals of the deep sea are not well known the conditions in which they live are well understood. The ocean bed has been reached with a net in about six niles of water, and that there are valleys and depressions of greater depth may well be inagined. The situation in these enormous depths is not conducive to strongly built, heavy and solid-boned animals, as the carnivorus whales and others; the enormous resonance of the surface five tons to the square inch in contrast

that has gathered in the South in the last quarter of a century, in that it represented to the fullest extent the rapidly expanding cotton mill interests of that region - the industry of the South For two days from early in the morning until late at night the convention was busily engaged in discussing broad national questions that look to the upbuilding of American commerce and the expansion of Southern trade in foreign markets. These questions are tersely covered in a letter from D. A. Compkins of Charlotte, one of the leading cotton mill men of the South, in which, writing of the convention and its outcome, he said:

"The meeting of the cotton spinners and their guests represented interests that were more than interests local to Charlotte, more than Southern, and even more than American. "All the old questions faded away under the influence of larger questions. The question of white supremacy in the South was lost in the sentiment favoring Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the world.

and South in cotton manufacturing was lost in that of competition of America, in foreign markets "The general plan of a canal across the Cen

"The question of the competition of North

tral American isthmus was reduced by resolu ion to the Nicaraguan Canal in particular.

The question of building the Canal under a plan to fortify it as against a plan to neutralize t in war was decided in favor of the latter. National pride and loyalty naturally suggest the former. Progress and civilization force the conclusion in favor of the latter. Pride and loyalty were important instruments in Spain's fail. Progress and loyalty are the great factors in English progress.

"The cotton spinners favored the bill in Con gress to provide for a commercial commission to visit the East and examine into the requirements of that country in matters relating to our manufactured products.

"It favored the Shipping bill now before Congress, commonly known as the Hanna-Payne subsidy bill. The resolution favoring this bill passed unanimously. "It was not a meeting to let pass a motion

that was not favored. The meeting was made of men who knew their minds and could speak. "It was the meeting of meetings, representing the new and the whole nationality. It favored the preservation of our new interests in the West Indies and in the East Indies. It forgot everything local and sectional, and

favored everything that was wholly national and wholly American.' Mr. Tompkins has thus tersely summed up the work of the convention, but even his letter does not give an adequate idea of the enthusiasm with which every speech advocating subsidies to American steamship lines, the building of the Nicaraguan Canal and the maintenance of the open door in China, and the retention of the Philippine Islands was received. To these broad propositions not a

dissenting voice was heard, neither in the

meetings of the convention nor in private. The unanimity of sentiment on these questions was probably due largely to the fact that for a year or more the foremost cotton mill men of the South-the men who are taking the lead in the creation of this giant industry-and others actively identified with Southern upbuilding, have, in public and in private, in corthat somewhere in the sea, at an unknown dis- respondence and by word of mouth, been advotance below the surface, there are living certain cating these policies. One speaker, in discussing the unification of American busing interests, stated that for the first time since Washington occupied the Presidential chair the President of the United States now represented a united country, not from the political standheretofore different sections had had divergent interests: that the legislative needs of Massachusetts had been different from the needs of South Carolina; that what the business men of an agriculture State like Texas had needed was different from what New York had required: but that now, with the development of the industrial interests of the South and the necessity for broadening foreign markets in order to enlarge the outlet for Southern cotton and cotton goods, the needs of South Carolina and of Massachusetts, of Texas and of New York were

alike. Whis sentiment was cheered. Another speaker, after reviewing the historic interest of the South fifty years ago in the development of American shipping as shown by the many conventions held looking to the upbuilding by government aid of a merchant marine, pointed out the fact that the unification of business interests, the rapid industrial development of the South, and the better understanding which the North and South were getting of each other were beginning to eliminate the necessity which for thirty years had forced the people of the South to stand side by side for white supremacy in that region to the exclusion of all other questions, and that now, "Thank God, the time is rapidly coming when the people of the South can differ on economic questions without being ostracized. This sentiment and all others along the same

line were enthusiastically cheered. John Barrett, Minister to Siam under President Cleveland, told the story of the trade expansion which is now so noticeable in Oriental countries, pointed out the rapid increase in the exports to the East of Southern cotton goods, and urged the importance of the maintenance of our control of the Philippine Islands and of the broadest development of our Eastern trade. Mr. Barrett's speech was received with the same enthusiasm which had marked every statement and suggestion on these subjects.

A general study of the whole convention impressed one with the fact that the cotton mill people of the South, with remarkable unanimity, are determined, without regard to political affiliations or to the action of parties, to demand of their Representatives the passage of laws for the development by subsidies of the American merchant marine, of the construction by the Government of the Nicaraguan Canal, of the maintenance of the gold standard, the preservation of our treaties with China, the vigorous prosecution of the Philippine war to a conclusion, the restoration of order in that territory by our Government, and the permanent control of the Philippine Islands.

The cotton manufacturing industry of th South is to-day the dominant business of that region: it is developing as no other industry in America has ever developed; it is recognized by the farmer, as well as by the banker and the merchant, as essential to the highest development of the commercial, financial and agricultural interests of the South. It represents an investment of nearly \$150,000,000 against \$61,000,000 ten years ago. In its growth the Southern farmer sees the creation of towns and cities, which furnish a home market for all his diversified products and a home market for his cotton in competition with foreign and New England buyers, and always to his profit. The labor ing element sees in the growth of cotton mills the ra: id increase in the demand for operatives, so that tens of thousands of people who have heretofore been compelled to live in idleness by reason of the lack of employment now find steady and profitable work in cotton mills, while the merchant and the banker see in it a broad expansion of Southern trade and a vast increase in the wealth of this section.

The four or five hundred men at Charlotte, therefore, practically represented a greater influence for the upbuilding of the South than

any other body of men which has been gathered together since the war ended. Over and over again in the speeches that were made the warning was given to politicians that the time had come when the business men of the South proposed to unite with the business men of the North in demanding legislation that would be to the best interests of the country without regard to what the politicians of either party might prefer. It was said that "if the politicians who represent us, and who have so often misrepresented us, do not give the legislation that is needed, we will see that other men are elected in their stead." Coming in close touch with the delegates to the convention, both in the meetings and privately, the writer failed to hear one single word of dissent from the positions stated and in this is found the most striking fact re garding the whole meeting.

CARD PLAYING AND DECEPTION. Because They Go Together a Writer Says Card Games Are Immoral.

From the Sunday School Times. Card playing seems to pervade every clasof society. Card parties for playing whist euchre and cinch, in various styles, are among the most popular evening entertainments in many parts of the country. Newspapers of wide circulation dignify the play by establishing a special department for it under an editor learned in the craft. Noble men and women of mature years, as well as young people, indulge in the recreation to such an extent in ome communities that it may fairly be termed a "craze." All admit that there are serious evils connected with the play under some circumstances, but some maintain that they are not inherent. A common expression is: "There is nothing wrong in cards per se." It is contended that, when played by respectable people in a respectable place, cards are harmless and free from evil, except, perhaps, that the play is frivolous and leads to a waste of timea common characteristic of all recreations.

Notwithstanding all this, is there not a prev dent feeling a sort of instinct, even among its devotees that there is something wrong n the play? Strip it of its vile associations, gnore its templations to cheating-"nigging and its propeness to provoke quarrets, and yet there is a residuum of distrust which points o some hidden miasma to be feared. Parents dread to have their children learn to play, and tolerate it at home to prevent the greater evil of a stealthy knowledge in bad surreundings. Educational institutions forbid the play because of its vicious tendencies. The conclusion is inevitable that there must be something wrong "per se." What is it?

The rhy at cards is founded upon decention.

clusion is inevitable that there must be something wrong per se. What is it?

The play at cards is founded upon deception.
That is the essential fundamental principle of
the play. By the rules, the player who deceives
his opponent the most adroitly, overreaches
him the most cunningly, and misleads him
most thoroughly, is esteemed the best player.
This reverses the ordinary rules of morality
by turning the vice of deception into a virtue,
and crowning the arch deceiver with honor.
By such ethics the moral nature is dabauched,
for the mind is made familiar with a species
of deception deemed a virtue, and therefore
justifiable under certain conditions. The conscience is made to recognize a legal deceit,
established as a rule of conduct. Thus the
habit of card playing undermines character,
destroys the altruistic spirit, and so blunts the habit of card playing undermines character, destroys the altruistic spirit, and so blunts the moral sensibilities that it be omes easy for the card devotee to carry the card table ethics—where any tactics, not in violation of law, are justifiable—over into social and business life, a practice quite common. A business man said recently: "I have not sed that, when I have dealings with a card player, I must look on all possible sides of the matter, or I am sure to be cheated." This is one insidious poison of the play.

on all possible sides of the matter, or I am sure to be cheated." This is one insidious poison of the play.

Then, again, card playing is a vicious recreation, because it is not a true game. It is merely a contest in deception, supplemented by chance. It leaves little or no room for brain power. It substitutes the permicious principle of deception for the element of strategy, which is the only foundation of a genuine game. It confounds deception with strategy. This may seem to be a mere play upon words, but the difference between the two is radical in giving character to contests. A play founded upon deception has no uplift, no creative power, but it is of necessity "per se" and philosophically harmful. On the other hand, the true game, founded upon what—for want of a better word—is called "strategy," is uplifting, stimulating the mental faculties, and invigorating the physical powers. A clear apprehension of this vital distinction will compel every thoughtful mind to condemn, even on this ground only, the play at cards.

But it may be said: "There is deception in all games. In chess or checkers a move may be made having no other purpose than to deceive an opponent as to the real point of attack. In blind-man's-buff the captive uses every possible ruse to make the captor believe that he has caught some other person than the captive. In baseball the pitcher does his best to mise at the true power.

AN EDITOR IN DONEGAL.

TASKS AND REWARDS OF JOURNAL ISM IN RURAL IRELAND.

Varied Duties of the Staff of One-Neighbor hood News That May Not Be Neglected -Literary Efforts-Queer Libel Suits to Be Feared-Tidings of the Outer World.

Copyright, 1900, by Seumas MacManus. The Legananny Universe, issued from the chief town in the heart of our hills, is supposed to voice the opinion of us Donegal moun-

taineers. Though its advertisements assert for it the argest circulation of any weekly paper in the porthwest. I have the audacious temerity to brave its certain thunders by taking it as typical of the struggling weekly which just exists in many such out of the way corners of

Ireland. The Universe pretends to everything from 3.000 circulation in normal states of our social atmosphere up to twice that number when it contains an account of a dance or a funeral But from 600 to 800 copies would be a more truthful, even if a less imposing, announce ment-and this, too, includes the free copy given to Larry Managhan, the mail-car driver (who carries the agents' parcels), by way of remuneration for prompt and faithful delivery. The staff of the Universe the owner, the manager, the cashier, the editor, sub-editor, assistant sub-editor, reporter, and foreman printer-is named Michael MacCailin; and Michael is likewise office boy, general man and (when occasion requires it) working en

Many country weeklies can afford the luxury of reporter, whose salary begins at half a crown cents) a week, and very gradually grows to \$3, to \$4, and even sometimes to \$5. Michael had had the ambition of maintaining a reporter, but as his experience increased the fatuous dream faded. Michael often solaces himself, however, by occasionally retaining what he styles Our Own Special 'ommissioner at a high salary, as he informs his awe-struck readers. Of course the special commissioner who draws the princely salary s Michael himself-but the outside world abors under the belief that, for their particuar behalf, he has imported a leading London or Continental journalist and this superstition, while flattering to Michael, and beneficial to the tardy circulation of the Legananns L'airerse, does no one any harm.

If Michael and the Universe would live in moderate decency it is absolutely necessary that he should draw all the salaries accruingor almost all of them. True, he must pay compositors. The composing room (which is likewise the editor's office) sports five boys, who, setting the Universe, acquire a trade, and, moreover, get from Michael a bonus of half a crown a week. The cleverest of the five, indeed, who makes up the forms, gets sixpence

indeed, who makes up the forms gets sixpence extra. When the forms are laid on the press the editor does not disdain to shed his coat and take his turn, with his composing staff, at the crank of the cylinder machine that grinds out the organ of public opinion at the rate of 180 copies an hour.

On occasions of intense excitement, when it is wise to anticipate the public clamoring for several score extra copies, Michael gets the loan of Matthew Carrabin's yard boy, big, brawny Commy Gildea, who, taking the crank all by himself, gallops the machine to four copies a minute, while Michael and his five boys stand by in open-mounted amazement. And when Commy gets out of puff he puts all six of them on the machine and tolerates them till he has got his wind again. On these occasions, too, Commy Gildea is sure to be attacked with a phenomenal thirst, which requires the editor to fee wee Roguey Mulhern to keep carrying pots of porter in vain endeavor to squelch it—as Commy expresses it.

In all, then, it probably requires from \$4\$ to \$5 a week to run the Universe. Michael charges a penny (two cents) a line for local advertisements, and sixpence a line for official advertisements. London advertisements about Dr. Kewremall's pills, and Madame Ritenuff's Elixir Vital, at a penny a line, which is his second

Dr. Kewremali's pills, and Madame Ritenuff's Elixir Vital, at a penny a line, which is his second most important source of income, official ad-

Elixir Vital, at a penny a line, which is his second most important source of income, official advertisements being the chief.

So, after Michael has industriously and conscientiously labored all the week with both hand and brain—after he has sifted the world's workings to intellectual wheat for his dependent clientele—after he has tramped to the corners of his constituency and raked in the births and deaths and marriages, the inquests and dances, council meetings and Land League meetings, the comings and goings of the many men of importance in whom his readers are interested, the police courts, the accidents and the extraordinary happenings, after he has recorded all this and distributed it in four-page broadsheets far and wide over his bailwick, paid his hands, and reckoned his accounts, he

in all games. In close or checkers a mose living the conservation of the proposent as to the condense and proposed as the condense and conservation of the control of the condense and conservation of the control of the condense and conservation of the control of the condense and condense